

SEMI WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XX.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1893.

NO. 101

WILLIAMSBURG, WHITLEY COUNTY.

—Walker Mason will leave the latter part of this week to visit his old home in Madison county.

—H. L. Manning's store-house was burned at Saxton Sunday night. Loss about \$2,500; insurance \$1,000.

—F. A. Gurney, of the Whitley County Herald, is in Louisville this week in the interest of the Whitley County Fair.

—There was a small tide in the river Sunday and the mills secured logs enough to run them about two months.

—Mr. G. A. Denham spent Sunday and Monday in London, Rev. W. J. Johnson and wife are visiting at her father's home in Georgetown. Mr. C. R. Baugh, of London, spent last Sunday visiting friends here.

—About 20 of Miss Carrie Myers' friends gave her a pleasant surprise party at her home Saturday evening. Mr. McMullen, who has been working in the Times office for several weeks, returned to his home in Iowa Tuesday.

—The town board made an order last Monday directing the marshal to shoot every dog found loose on the streets. There already have been several mad hogs killed and this severe ordinance against the canine population of town seems absolutely necessary.

—Everything quiet here again, after nearly five weeks of court, and those who are naturally drawn to a town on such occasions have all departed to their homes and also several of our own citizens, leaving our streets rather deserted. C. W. Lester and S. V. D. Stout are at Mt. Vernon and R. S. Crawford is at Harlan Court-House, attending court.

—Mahan & Co. had L. A. Karst arrested on a bail writ last Thursday for attempting to leave the county without paying them. Karst was foreman for Massillon Bridge Co. while they were constructing the Clear Fork bridge just south of town. He is still in jail and Police Judge Tye has issued a warrant charging him with obtaining goods under false pretenses. He had signed various orders on the Bridge Company without any authority and came to Mahan & Co. and got possession of the orders, promising to return them, and now denies getting them.

—The readers of the I. J. may be glad to know some of the facts in the Len Tye case, as there has been so much talk about it. Tye left Mt. Ash, a station 3 miles north of where the murder was committed, and started south about the same time Miss Bryant started from Sixton, one mile north of where she was killed. Mr. Massingill saw Miss Bryant within 300 yards of where she was killed. He traveled north on the wagon road about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile and met two Perkins children going south, who got on the railroad near where he saw Miss Bryant, and Tye was behind these children, making him at least a mile behind Miss Bryant, so he could not possibly have committed the murder. From the proof that was brought out it looks very much as if Paxton was too far on the other side of the place to have gotten there in time to commit the deed.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—The London Opera House is finished and is now ready for business.

—Mr. R. C. Ford was here Monday and left for Manchester Tuesday.

—The contract for building the Baptist church has been let to Fred Hug.

—It is rumored that one of our young widowers and a handsome young Miss will wed in a few days.

—W. S. Jackson will build a business and residence on the property where his and Ed Parker's houses were burned.

—I have been informed that the M. E. church South will build on the property of C. H. Moses and the ground belonging to the two Methodist churches will probably be sold.

—Circuit court is going on here now, with a good attendance. No felony cases have been tried as yet. Cases disposed of have been whisky, concealed weapons, assault and such like. Attending attorneys are J. W. Alcorn, J. A. Craft, W. K. Rollings and a whole regiment of local attorneys.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—The W. C. T. U. will hold a convention at Barbourville Feb. 22-24.

—Methodist Evangelist Masonheimer had 100 converts at the Covington meeting at last reports.

—There were 12 additions to the Methodist church Sunday, mostly Sunday-day school scholars.—Advocate.

—Rev. M. J. Kelley, of Minneapolis, gives it as his deliberate opinion that the prohibition party is the most uncompromising shams of the 19th century.

—Eld. Joe Severance, Jr., has accepted a call to preach for the Preachersville church one Sunday in the month and will begin on the 4th Sunday.

—The normal Sunday-school class will meet at the Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. All who desire to join will please be on hand.

—Rev. Ben Helm returned from Livingston yesterday, where he has been holding a meeting for Rev. Van Nys. His labors were blessed with 16 confessions and 12 additions to the church.

NOTES FROM ATLANTA, GA.

Atlanta, although a Southern city, is not near so far south as some imagine. It is not in the torrid zone by a great deal, as a certain Virginia lady thought when she sent a message to a gentleman here to send her some of the beautiful flowers that grow wild in profusion at this season of the year. Very few flowers grow wild in these parts at any season and particularly are they conspicuous for their absence at present.

—Although directly south about 400 miles I can see very little difference in the climate here and at Stanford. During the prolonged cold spell the mercury played in the region of zero for weeks and even now it is necessary to wear overcoats.

In company with my brother, sister and nephew I went out to McPherson Barracks yesterday and although I wrote about that place when here before there has been such marked improvement since then, I cannot help dwelling on the subject just a little. As I stated before, there are over 500 soldiers stationed here and more beautiful grounds could hardly be found. The barracks are located on a plateau about 1,200 feet above the sea level, which is as level almost as a plank floor. There are 20 elegant residences for the higher officers and the general in command, who, by the way, gets \$20 a day, and lives in a veritable palace. The soldiers also have substantial and commanding headquarters and live on the very best. A magnificent hotel, where meals are cooked exclusively by steam, is just completed, and a very large guard-house, where the erring soldier boys will pay "the penalty of crime," is about ready to be turned over to the government. The barracks are about five miles from town, but are reached in a short while by the electric cars, which only charge five cents. These soldiers, who will probably never smell powder in real battle, live like lords and get good salaries for doing nothing besides. Uncle Sam is a generous old soul and when a few of the head officers expressed a desire to have a hop occasionally, he did not hesitate to go forthwith and build a ball-room.

One of the largest printing and engraving establishments in the South is located here. It is the Franklin Printing Co. and does an immense business. The company has a handsome three-story building on Ivy street, which is filled with the most modern appliances for the art preservative.

Another splendid building is that of the Young Men's Christian Association. Henry W. Grady, whose name is dear to every lover of the South, was mainly instrumental in its building and it stands as one of the many grand monuments to his memory. The more enthusiastic members of the Association are justly proud of their splendid headquarters and delight in showing the stranger through.

With the permission of Mr. L. DeGive, the popular and clever owner, I went with a party through the Grand Opera House, of which I have made several references. The name Grand is no misnomer, in fact this lowly pen is inadequate to convey to the reader how very grand this Opera House is. The seating capacity is about 2,500 and the stage is 50x80, which is one of the largest in the United States. The scenery, which was painted by an expert from Paris, is grand almost beyond description and it would be hard to think of a scene that could not be produced almost instantaneously. The boxes, which are lined with various kinds of elegant plush, and furnished with satin-covered upholstery, are beautiful and are indeed fit for the gods. The dressing rooms are almost as large as the average chamber and are also elegantly furnished. Both gas and electric lights are used and there is almost as much machinery for them alone as there is in the electrical portion of the Stamford Water, Light & Ice Co.'s plant. Mr. DeGive is a Belgian by birth and came to Atlanta on a visit a number of years ago. He was impressed very favorably with the city and decided to locate here. He launched forth into the theatrical business about 20 years ago and has been a most successful manager, having amassed a snug little fortune.

A most excellent view of this city is obtained from the top of the Equitable building—9 stories high—and I took advantage of the opportunity few days ago. There are four elevators in this immense building and they go like "greased lightning." In fact, you go the nine stories in much less time than it takes to tell about it, and a person who is addicted at all to sea sickness frequently gets sick and would no doubt give vent to his feelings and say "New York" from the bottom of his very stomach—were not the trip made so quickly. From the top of this immense building the country for miles around can be seen and a splendid bird's-eye view of the city was obtained. It would be a pleasant surprise to a person who had not been here for a few years to return and see how rapidly the Gate City has built up. It was another revelation of the city's prosperity to me, which makes me more and more of the opinion that Atlanta is the best city in the South.

HUBBLE.

—M. C. Embanks sold some corn to Luther Underwood at \$2.25 per barrel.

—Some mad dogs have been killed in this vicinity and other dogs have been bitten.

—S. A. Baker has gone to Whiteland Ind., and his family will follow soon. Mr. R. L. White and wife were visiting relatives in the Hustonville neighborhood this week. R. L. Hubble was over to see us on his crutches last week. Letters from Joseph Swope and family tell us they are pleased with their new home in Irvington, Ind. Miss Anna Spoonermore is out again, after several days' illness.

—J. W. Bright's child has been very sick for a few days, but Dr. Kinnaird reports it as some better at this writing. Miss Maggie Swinebread has been visiting relatives at Stanford for the past two weeks. We are glad to note that our clever and popular young friend, Mr. J. B. Gentry, has returned from his trip through the South much improved. Mrs. Susan Menefee has been on the sick list for the past week, but is improving now. Wm. Watson has contracted with Johnson, of Lancaster, to build a small brick dwelling. Mrs. S. J. Hubble was out last Sunday among her friends for the first time since last July. She is improving some.

—Wm. Holtzclaw, of the Gilbert's Creek neighborhood, whose serious illness was noted in our last, died yesterday, aged 55. The interment will be in the family burying-ground, this morning at 10 o'clock.

—Solon Miller, grandson of the founder of Richmond, Ky., died Wednesday, aged 83.

LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—"The oldest inhabitant" cannot remember a time when the public square was in worse condition than at present.

—Col. George T. Mason of Chicago was here this week to visit relatives and see old friends. The Colonel is now engaged in the life insurance business.

A visitor here would be impressed with the number of grocery stores and it looks to me as if there are too many for all of them to eke out an existence. They all seem to be doing well, however, and it is a rare thing when any of them go to the wall. The stranger would also notice with pleasure the beautiful show windows here. In the larger dry goods establishments adepts are employed to do nothing else save to keep them looking attractive.

E. C. W.

THE GRAYBACK.

A Stray Leaf From the Forthcoming History of Wolford's Cavalry.

BY E. T.

Soon after our immersion in fire at Mill Springs, Wolford and his men were ordered to Bardstown, reaching there early in February, 1862, and went into camp on the filthy grounds lately occupied by the infantry of the Army of the Ohio.

We found Gen. W. H. Lytle in command of the post and felt highly honored in being immediately under that distinguished gentleman and scholar; but in contradistinction to the pleasure of being so intimately associated with the author of "Cleopatra," or "I am dying, Egypt, dying," found other acquaintances, which were destined to mar our enjoyment and cast a shadow over our respectability among certain classes.

It was here that we were first made known to that species of parasitic insects popularly known among soldiers by the name of "grayback," which adhered to us with most unyielding tenacity throughout the war, and was loath to leave us when peace was proclaimed.

We had heard of them—had read of them in romance and history—but were unaware of their many clinging virtues until brought in contact with them. They made their presence known on the march, around the camp fire and more especially when we folded our weary limbs for sleep or repose.

They were lively companions and feast and gambol and held mass meetings on our devoted bodies at all times without leave or license. They were purely democratic in principles, (the writer does not mean in a partisan sense), as they believed in ruling by the masses.

In their religious practices they were inclined to Quakerism; for they operated when the spirit moved them, and had no respect for titles or rank.

They would feast and frolic on the commanding general's body the same as on the humblest private.

The only antipathy they showed against anything was cleanliness. Any one could have partial immunity from them by frequent change of clothing.

Whenever there was danger of them eating us up from multiplicity of numbers we could have a short respite by scalding them to death in our camp kettles; or, if the weather was very cold, we could hang our clothes on our tents and freeze them to death.

Bodily annoyance was not the only disadvantage of our new associations.

Our popularity began to wane in the family circles of many of the loyal citizens. Fastidious females had a perfect horror of graybacks and sometimes hesitated to give us lodgings for fear of having them introduced into their households.

Though our friends and the Union people generally still continued to rejoice at the news of our daring scouts, dashing charges and successes on many bloody fields, it was plain to us that we had lost considerable prestige as fireside ornaments.

MIDDLEBURG.

Bacon is selling here at 15 cents per pound.

—M. S. McMullen is an applicant for the Yosemite post office and here is hoping he will get there.

—Rev. Vines preached a very interesting discourse at the Baptist church Sunday. The congregation seems delighted with him as pastor.

—A little daughter of Mason Russell was burned some two weeks ago, from the effects of which she died Thursday, the 9th. It seems such occurrences are very frequent of late.

—McC. Wheat has bought a half interest in the store room near Miller and Son's wagon and blacksmith shop and will open up a stock of goods there about March 1st. With three stores in town we will certainly have cheap goods.

—It is about decided that we are to have a new Masonic hall and a bank. A new town hall is also talked of and those who are putting it on foot say it will be built.

Several meetings have been held and a committee to solicit subscriptions for the hall has been appointed and is now at work. Col. H. H. McNinch, J. M. Durham and others are talking up the bank, and it actually looks as if we will have something to boast of at Middleburg besides fat men and pretty women.

—Claude Allstott, who is attending school at Janie Wash, Institute, drew a pistol on Johnnie Henderson, another pupil, one day last week. Henderson's father swore out a warrant for Allstott's arrest and he was immediately arrested and his trial set for Saturday, but Mr. J. F. Allstott, father of the accused, came over and a compromise was effected.

Prof. Hull regretted the occurrence very much, though it was unavoidable so far as the faculty was concerned.

—Last Wednesday Mrs. Jefferson Short left her two little boys, Virgil and Clarence, and went to the barn only a short distance from the house. Hearing the screams of the children she ran back and to her horror found that the clothing of Clarence, the youngest, was on fire and the little fellow almost burned to death.

Dr. J. C. Drye being near, was on hand in a few minutes, but could do nothing.

The little sufferer lingered till 2 o'clock Thursday morning, when God relieved him of his sufferings. Much sympathy is felt for the grief-stricken parents.

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B. B. KING.

GEORGE B. PREWITT.

KING & PREWITT, MORELAND, KY.,

Take this method of informing the public that they will open in the near future a well selected stock of

GROCERIES AND HARDWARE,

And in the early Spring will add to their stock a line of Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Dry Goods, Millinery, &c. Our terms will be cash or country produce and we will also take in exchange for goods Tan Bark, Whisky Barrel Staves, Hoop Poles and Hickory Spokes. Give us a call and we will save you money.

KING & PREWITT.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I am now ready to wait upon my friends in anything in

GROCERIES, HARDWARE,

.....&c. I am also agent for a line of.....

COOK STOVES

Equal to any ever offered here. Call and see them. I represent the famous

Oliver Chilled Plow, Dix Feed Cutter, Studebaker Wagons, &c.

Call and see my line of goods before make any purchases.

Very respectfully,

W. H. HIGGINS.

NEW DRUG STORE.

Having lost nearly all my stock by recent fire, I have just re-opened at old stand with

NEW GOODS, FRESH DRUGS,

And Chemicals, Latest Toilet Articles, School Supplies, Stationery and everything to be found in a first-class drug store. I shall be pleased to see all my old customers and as many new ones as will favor me, Assuring them

Prompt Attention and Lowest Prices.

W. B. McROBERTS.

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SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., FEBRUARY 17, 1893

W. P. WALTON.

SIX : PAGES.
EVERY FRIDAY.

MR. CLEVELAND has authoritatively announced the appointment and acceptance of the following members of his cabinet: Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana, secretary of state; John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, secretary of the treasury; Daniel S. Lamont, of New York, secretary of war, and Wilson S. Bissell, of New York, postmaster general. Judge Gresham is a very recent recruit from republicanism. He was a member of President Arthur's cabinet and since then came near being nominated for the presidency on the republican ticket. He was much spoken of before the Minneapolis convention, but Harrison turned all the boys down and then it was said that the judge would accept the populist nomination for president. He declined, however, voted the democratic ticket and is rewarded with the highest office in Mr. Cleveland's gift. The boys in the trenches do not take to the appointment kindly, but Mr. Watterson thinks it is the grandest thing that has ever been done in politics and in a column and a half of double leads grows absolutely hilarious on the subject. Of Mr. Carlisle it is unnecessary to speak. He is known and respected of all men for his sterling integrity and broad statesmanship. His appointment was a master stroke of genius. Dan Lamont will be remembered as Mr. Cleveland's private secretary during his first administration. He proved himself the best that ever filled that position and there is no reason that he should not become the successful head of the war department, though he was never accused of being a soldier or of possessing war-like proclivities. Mr. Bissell was the law partner of the president-elect at Buffalo and in his appointment Mr. Cleveland follows the precedent of Mr. Harrison, who has been taking care of Partner Miller for some time. Bissell is a powerful man physically and ought to be able to hold down the post-office department. He is a much larger man than the coming president and that's saying a good deal. Mr. Cleveland is to be commended for not keeping as a secret what the people have a right to know. He will announce the other appointments as soon as acceptance has been received. It is to be hoped, however, that he will not go to New York for another member of his official family. Two from the Empire State are quite sufficient.

Since the above was written Mr. Cleveland has added Hoke Smith, of the Atlanta Journal, to the cabinet, giving him the position of secretary of the interior. Mr. Smith was born in North Carolina in 1855 and is an able lawyer and a fine newspaper man.

TEXAS and hell used to be regarded as synonymous terms, but a revision is now necessary. Kansas has taken from the Lone Star State any and every claim she may have had to be classed with the place that Bob Ingersoll says there is no such, and has about demonstrated that she is literally and unequivocally hell itself. A dispatch says war has broken out in the Legislature. The republicans attempted to arrest the clerk of the popular House and a general street fight ensued, in which the clerk escaped. The republicans called for volunteers to help make the arrest and 150 assistant sergeants-at-arms were sworn in. The populists also swore in an extra force, the governor called out the militia and canons were trained on the capitol. The republicans are now in a state of siege, without food and h. i. t. p. generally.

JUDGE WILLIAM LINDSAY is now a full-fledged U. S. Senator, the Legislature having elected him Monday, and will leave Frankfort in a few days for his new post in Washington. Twenty-eight years ago the judge was a ragged Confederate soldier, without money and with few friends. He had courage and ambition, though, and soon began to make name and fame for himself. He climbed the ladder two rungs at a time and now occupies a position next to the highest in the gift of the people. His career is another illustration of the possibilities of the American boy and ought to inspire every one to try to make his "life sublime and departing leave behind him footprints on the sands of time."

MRS. EUGENIA DUNLAP POTTS has purchased her partner's interest in her entertaining paper, the Illustrated Kentuckian, and will run it alone. She has been doing all the work and is solely responsible for the strong foothold it has gained in public favor. We hope she will continue to gather laurels and laurels from its publication.

OLD man Blakely, of the Newport Journal, now carries a cane to assist the impaired locomotion, which time has wrought. It is a gold headed one and was presented at a banquet by the Commercial Club of his city as a token of appreciation for his great services to the public.

The Senate refused 14 to 30 to take up the New Mexico Statehood bill.

As Owensboro liveryman committed suicide because he "owed everybody." This is a new way to pay old debts, but it is a pretty good one, and we respectfully recommend it to others in the same fix, especially if they are too mean to pay an honest debt when they can.

NEWSY NOTES.

Thomas Bronston, Jr., of Madison, committed suicide.

The Main street Christian church was sold at auction at Lexington and brought \$29,000.

Charles New, a married man, was killed by young Atwood at Kosciusko, Miss., for seducing his sister.

Tom Blount, negro, was lynched at Chattanooga for criminal assault on Mrs. Mary Moore, a white woman.

Hester Dean, a member of the demimonde, was found dead in her bed at Harrodsburg. The cause was attributed to dissipation.

Andy Schlegel, a Louisville policeman, was dismissed for misbehavior to women on the street, so he went home and blew his brains out.

The post-office department has practically shut down on the appointment of 4th-class post-offices and post-masters. Only in extreme cases are appointments made.

Mr. Carlisle intends to appoint his son Logan chief clerk of the treasury. The office is one of the most important connected with the treasury department.

The sundry civil bill now before the Senate provides \$10,000 of the \$98,190 appropriated for the board of lady managers of the World's Fair shall be issued in 25c souvenir coins.

A couple of thieves broke the window of Semper Bro.'s jewelry store on Vine street, Cincinnati, and got off with \$2,250 worth of diamonds. All the force was in the store at the time.

A New York negro preacher, who went to Paris, Texas, where a negro was burned to death for rape and murder, to form an anti-lynching society, was ridden out of town on a rail before he could do so.

Col. James E. Pepper, of Lexington, has just taken out a policy for \$100,000 on his life, making his total life insurance \$380,000, said to be the heaviest insurance carried by any one in the South.

The committee has fixed upon Mammoth Cave as the place and May 17th as the date for the annual meeting of the Grand Commandery of the Knights Templar. There are nearly 1,700 Knights in the State.

Miss Ureth Garr has secured a verdict of \$9,000 against the city of Louisville for the loss of one of her legs, which was crushed in the collision of two vehicles on a narrow bridge and had to be amputated.

A message recommending the annexation of the Hawaiian Island was sent Wednesday to the Senate by the president, accompanied by a treaty of annexation and correspondence relating to the subject.

Rev. McDonald, an evangelist of the "New Light church," is charged at Vanceburg with attempting to outrage a 10 year-old girl. It was with difficulty that her father and brother were kept from killing him.

The wife of Leonard Figg, who was killed by an electric light wire in Louisville a few days ago, has brought suit against the company for \$15,000. She was only allowed \$100 at the time of her husband's death.

Mr. Carlisle is quoted as having said that one of his first official steps as Secretary will be to issue bonds to relieve the Treasury, and that this will be followed by a special session of Congress to repeal the Sherman silver law.

William A. Brady, acting for James J. Corbett, deposited in New York two checks, one for \$10,000 to bind a match with Charles Mitchell, and one for \$2,500 to bind a match with Peter Jackson under terms made by the champion.

James Ballard, a Garrard county farmer, attempted to shoot Daniel Chehault, a Richmond attorney, when he said something in a trial there, which he thought reflected on his wife. He was immediately fined \$100 and sent to jail for 10 days.

Ed Burkhardt, of Leslie county, was shot and instantly killed by his brother-in-law, John Saylor. Both parties were under the influence of whisky when the killing occurred. On the same day near Manchester, Clay county, Joe Setzer was shot and killed by James Barrett. Both murderers are under arrest.

Gov. Northen, of Georgia, has issued a proclamation setting forth the bravery of a couple of officers who prevented a lynching, in which he says: "Adequate praise should be also awarded to the officers of the law, as well as all those patriotic and law-abiding men who resolutely stood by the great bulwark of social order and sternly set their faces against the unauthorized taking of human life."

THE LEGISLATURE.

The House passed the bill fixing the auditor's salary at \$3,000, without prerequisites.

The bill to absolutely prohibit the sale of cigarettes in Kentucky, which passed the House, was killed in the Senate.

The special election in Anderson, Mercer and Franklin counties, to choose a successor to Senator Lindsay, will be held Feb. 21. Col. E. H. Taylor will be accorded a clear track for the place.

DANVILLE.

Bohi & Scharstein's All Star Specialty Co. played to a good audience at the opera house Tuesday night.

Mr. M. C. Thurman will soon return to Danville to live, having disposed of his hotel in Morristown, Tenn.

Miss Lilian French, eldest daughter of H. W. French, of this place, and Mr. John R. Gallagher, of Harrodsburg, were married Wednesday at 3 o'clock at the residence of the bride's parents. Rev. W. F. Taylor, of the Methodist church, performed the ceremony.

Quite a crowd collected Tuesday evening on Main street near Mrs. Akins' residence and also afterwards at the police court room, in consequence of an attack made by Chas. Morrissey on a member of the Bohi-Scharstein Star Comedy Co. At the time of the collision Morrissey was in the company of Tom Williams, and the Bohi man in the company of another Bohi man.

The cause of the attack was a supposition on the part of Morrissey that the showmen were trying to get up a flirtation with two young ladies, one of whom was Morrissey's niece. A careful investigation showed, however, that while the showmen, like the Dutchman, may have thought "damn it," neither of them said that or anything else, proper or improper, to the young ladies, one of whom told her father that she knew nothing of anything that is supposed to have preceded the fight until after the fight. Both of the young ladies and their parents, all of whom are respectable people, desire the entire affair to be forgotten.

Last Thursday night a gentleman and lady (apparently) called at the house of a Danville lady who sometimes takes boarders. The gentleman stated that the lady had been called to Richmond by the illness of a relative and wished to leave for that place by an early train. The gentleman did all the talking, the lady did none. The gentleman was well dressed, rather short of stature and stoutly built. The lady was smaller than what is known as medium sized and wore a veil. The landlady showed them a room and left them. In about a minute she recollects something she wished to get that was in the room, so she returned to the door and knocked. She was told to come in, and doing so, saw that the man had removed his overcoat and was standing by the fire. His companion was sitting near him with a handkerchief to her eyes. The landlady got what she wanted and as she was passing out made a common place remark to the lady, who returned no answer, nor did she take the handkerchief from her eyes. The man, however, made some answer. A little while before daylight a colored boy was sent to the room to make fire, but returned immediately and said no one was in the room. The mysterious guests had quietly left the house without even paying their room rent and no one has seen them since.

The Louisville papers of Monday had big accounts of how one J. C. Alverson, formerly of Danville, had been caught stealing money from the contribution box of the Walnut street Methodist church. The papers most probably made a mistake in the name, as no J. C. Alverson is known here, while A. C. Alverson is. Alverson left here last summer, but for several days before his departure it was generally known that he was under suspicion of pilfering from several Danville people. It is doubtful, however, if a case could have been made against him in court, although there were abundant grounds for suspicion. He is a strange man and those who know him best doubt his sanity. He lived here about ten years, was a good mechanic (wagon maker) was a member of the Methodist church and a regular attendant thereof, and owned, as Louisville paper says, a good tenor voice. Here as in Louisville he sang in choir. He always presented a neat appearance and was never seen in low company. It was nearly two years before he left Danville that he began to act very strangely. He would begin a piece of work but would quit it sometimes when nearly finished and nothing could induce him to touch it again. Last November a year ago he went to Tennessee deer hunting with a hunting club to which he belonged and after he returned was not known to strike a lick of work up to the time he left town, although there were several jobs in his shop he could have finished in a few hours and from which he could have realized what to him would have been a considerable sum of money. When he left he went to Richmond, then to Winchester and finally wound up in Louisville. He left his clothing and other personal effects in a room he had occupied for several years and are there yet. Up to this hour he has left no order with our postmaster as to where his mail matter shall be forwarded; yet he has not tried to avoid Danville people, for he has recently hunted up several in Louisville and asked about his old friends here. To one acquaintance he has written several letters, which are meaningless and incoherent. The writer of this has heard that he had a brother who committed suicide a few years ago, but whether this be true or not, it would be nothing more than what is right to investigate the unfortunate man's condition all around and ascertain if he is indeed thoroughly responsible for his acts in the eyes of the law. The Louisville papers are mistaken in regard to the church here giving him a letter of dismissal, so church officers say.

JUST ARRIVED!

A NEW LINE OF HATS,

In browns and blacks, in stiff and soft Hats, also the latest style Alpine at \$2.50 apiece. We are still selling

OVERCOATS

At cost, and they are going in a hurry, only a few left. It will pay you to buy one and lay it away for next winter, as the prices on them

WILL INDUCE YOU TO BUY.

Men's Suits at \$5 that are worth \$8; Boys' Suits at \$3, worth \$5; Knee Pants Suits at 75c. In fact, anything in the Dress Goods, Notions, Shoes, Furnishing Goods of any kind we

WILL SELL YOU BELOW ANYBODY,

AS OUR

SPRING GOODS ARE COMING

And we need the room.

THE LOUISVILLE STORE,

Stanford, Ky.

A. HAYS, Manager.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

Two good jacks for sale. J. Walker Givens, McKinney.

Wool—I want to buy 100,000 lbs. or more of wool. Will pay highest market price. A. T. Nunnelley.

M. A. Mason, a Christian county farmer, raised 125,000 pounds of tobacco last year, which he sold for \$7,000.

For Sale—50 miles, 14 to 16 hands high, 3 to 4 years old. Will sell one at a time or all. B. G. Gover, Milledgeville.

The horse season is again upon us and horsemen will as usual find the Interior Journal office fully equipped to serve them in any way.

Miller & Sibley have covered a straight track 2,200 feet long for their trotters at Meadville, Pa. The horses are worked without shoes.

I have for sale 700 bales of hay, also 200 barrels of good white corn. Will deliver hay on cars at 60c per 100 pounds. John Buchanan, Crab Orchard.

S. M. Sandidge and J. K. Huston are handling and breaking harness and saddle stock on the Pence farm, near Stanford, and solicit business in that line.

The Louisville papers of Monday had big accounts of how one J. C. Alverson, formerly of Danville, had been caught stealing money from the contribution box of the Walnut street Methodist church. The papers most probably made a mistake in the name, as no J. C. Alverson is known here, while A. C. Alverson is. Alverson left here last summer, but for several days before his departure it was generally known that he was under suspicion of pilfering from several Danville people. It is doubtful, however, if a case could have been made against him in court, although there were abundant grounds for suspicion.

John Bright bought of Barbee, the great turkey raiser, of Bourbon, a Narragansett gobbler, weighing 30 pounds, for which he gave \$4, the express and all running the cost up to \$5.

It has been decided to reduce the nomination fee of mares in the Kentucky Trotting and Breeders' \$25,000 Futurity to \$5 and the nomination fee of foals when named to \$10.

Young Norris sold 65 bushels of clover seed at \$9. Colyer & Rice have shipped to Butler, Mo., 16 jacks. They are good ones. Four were bought from Harvey Cobb, of House, for \$2,000.—Richmond Climax.

Farris & Whitley bought 163 sheets of James Allen's 6 and 24 cattle for \$900. Prewitt & Wood bought in Pulaski 68 head 1,050-pound cattle at 340 to 34. Corn is selling at \$2 40 to \$2 75 delivered.—Advocate.

M. L. Sayles, owner of the trotting horse Temple Bar, who, with his horse, was expelled from the National Trotting Association last summer, has brought suit against the Cleveland Driving Park Association for \$110,000 damages, placing upon it the responsibility for the expulsion.

Just the Thing.

This is an expression the traveling public generally use when they find something that is exactly what they want. This expression applies directly to the Wisconsin Central Lines, which is now admitted by all to be "The Route" from Chicago to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and all points in the Northwest. Their double daily train service and fine equipment offers in due course which can not be surpassed.

This is the only line running both through Pullman First-Class and Tourist Sleepers from Chicago to Pacific Coast Points without change.

For full information address your nearest ticket agent or James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

WE WANT: 400: LADIES

And Gentlemen to call and see what the attractions are at

STEPHENS & KNOX'

Large Store in Rowland, Ky. We never robbed Peter to pay Paul, but sell to one and all at the same per cent, and that is why we are getting rid of so many of our nice Spring Goods early in the season.

Dress Goods—Macgregor Cheviots, Surges, Henrietta, Black Lawns, White Lawns, Satin Glorias, French Ginghams, Creylocks, Dahlia Cloth, Zephyrettes, Chameleons, Nasteds, Woolens, &c., Silk Nouveauties and Passemeinteric, Francaise Trimmings, Linen Torts, Automatic Embroidery, Valenceine Laces, &c., Hosier, Ladies' Vests, Belts, &c. Largest line of Ladies', Children's and Men's Ties in the country. Our stock of Buell & Son's, W. L. Douglass, McIntosh, Selz, Schwab & Co.'s SHOES are all on the road to largest factories in the East. HATS of all sizes and styles in abundance and

Below : Competition.

The most elegant line of Gents' CLOTHING in this section will soon be opened in our house. We can knock out the jobbers in the line of GROCERIES. We bought largely in this line of goods early in the season. We thank our friends for their past patronage and hope by fair dealing and polite treatment to have a continuance of their valued patronage.

STEPHENS & KNOX.

TO OUR

Friends and Customers.

We take this means of thanking you for your very liberal patronage and many favors shown us during the past year, and hope by furnishing you with

The : Very : Best : Goods

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., FEBRUARY 1, 1893

BAFFLED CONSPIRATORS.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER X.

THE CHIEF CONSPIRATOR IN DANGER.



"Now, Sybil, I'm going to have it out with you."

One afternoon, toward the close of the year treated of in this unpretending account of a shameful conspiracy, a somewhat dejected looking gentleman was seated before the smoking room fire of a mansion in the Midlands. He had been out hunting, and, as circumstances had caused him to abandon the chase rather earlier than other people, he had ensconced himself in this comfortable arm chair to smoke a cigar and meditate a while before going upstairs to dress for dinner. It was the chief conspirator: His muddy boots reposed upon the steel fender; his right arm hung loosely by his side, his fingers almost touching the floor; his head was so sunk forward upon his breast that his nose and his reddish beard met. Anybody seeing him would

LADIES' GLOVES.

Interesting Information Regarding This Important Part of the Wardrobe.

Gloves play a most important part in the feminine wardrobe; nothing denotes a woman's caliber so quickly as her gloves and boots. A shabby dress and bonnet are often redeemed and made almost ele-



WALKING GLOVE. EVENING GLOVE.

gant by neatly fitting gloves and boots. They are an expensive luxury, but frayed finger tips are the height of vulgarity. Many women ruin beautiful gowns by wearing gloves inconsistent with their toilet.

A tailor made gown or walking costume worn in the morning should be accompanied by a glove of Russian leather, in shades of red or tan. These harmonize with almost any costume. The walking glove is heavy and is decorated with narrow stitching, with large brass buttons or clasps, and the prices range from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

A really economical and good wearing glove for the woman whose means are limited is the buttonless loose sac glove. These are especially nice for shopping, and can be had for one dollar a pair.

In the afternoon the fashionable woman wears suede mousquetaire gloves to match the gown.

For receptions, when the glove does not match the gown, "mode color" is now the fad, and is worn with all gowns. This glove is a pale pink. In length these are from four to eight button mousquetaire.

The recent fashion of wearing white glace kid with slack or white stitching is not so prevalent. They are expensive gloves to wear on account of their delicacy of color, as they can rarely be worn on more than three occasions, when the only resource is the cleaner.

For evening wear the pale tints of suede or pure white gloves are always permissible. Gloves, however, in the shades of evening gowns are more desirable. The usual length is twenty buttons, which, when worn with short sleeves or simple shoulder puffs, shows a portion of the arm.

It is seldom that an evening glove is made of one piece of kid, glovemakers claiming that no skin is perfect and much must be cut away, in consequence of which there is a joining in the very long pairs of gloves.

A clever girl says she economizes in regard to her dancing gloves by wearing white gloves, and when the fingers and hands of the glove show wear cuts it off at the wrist, buys a fresh pair of short gloves and joins them on the seam, which is hidden in the wrinkles at the wrist.

Black gloves are the prettiest on the hand, but they are the least durable and always more expensive.

There is no economy in cheap gloves.

A Gentle Hint.

A delightful present to receive at any time is a bonnet whisk mounted on a silver handle. It is so pretty that one likes to use it to drive out the bits of dust that will get on the daintiest of chapeaux, and which, unless they are quickly removed, will cause it soon to look anything but new.

have said: "Here is a man who is tired out; in another five minutes he will have fallen asleep, dropped his cigar, and burnt a hole in the hem of the rug."

Lord Guise, however, was not sleepy; he was only pensive, depressed and uneasy in his mind. What he was saying to himself was:

"This is becoming simply intolerable! Wherever I go I am bound to meet that woman. It really almost looks as if people did it on purpose. Not that I should mind meeting her if only she could be ordinarily civil; but one does like to be answered when one speaks. Hang it all! why can't we be friends? We always used to be. Now, I don't suppose there is a man in all England who cares less about that kind of thing than I do still. I defy anybody to say that he enjoys seeing a pretty woman either yawn in his face or turn her back upon him every time that he makes an effort to perform his social duties. And I have never denied that she is a pretty woman. In fact, pretty isn't the word; she is absolutely beautiful—the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, for that matter."

Here Lord Guise heaved a long sigh shifted his position and took several pulls at his cigar, which was nearly out.

"I'm not sure," he resumed presently, "that I haven't been a little too hard upon Sybil Belvoir. I'm not sure that I haven't been too hard upon women generally. One grows more tolerant as one grows older. After all, what harm is there in flirtation? And how do I know that she has ever done anything worse than flirt? I don't believe she has, and certainly I don't believe a tithe of the stories which men who haven't exchanged a dozen words with her in their lives think themselves very knowing for telling about her."

"A nice lot they are themselves! I could tell her one or two things about some of these fellows who are always hanging round her which would make her open her eyes, I suspect, though it is by way of knowing everything. Of course it isn't permissible to tell tales, but, upon my word, I sometimes almost wish it was! Talk about the duplicity of women! Why, what can you expect of them when they have to contend against the duplicity of men?"

It will be perceived that in the course of the summer and autumn Lord Guise's views with regard to the sexes had undergone some modification. But that perhaps was scarcely enough to account for his low spirits; because, although one is sorry to have to form unjust judgments, one does not exactly make one's self miserable over mistakes to which, being but mortal, we are all liable. And, indeed, to sum matters up, Lord Guise was unhappy because a lady whom he had known from her childhood would have nothing to say to him. He was also puzzled; otherwise possibly he would have been less unhappy. While he was revolving disconnected thoughts and vague conjectures in his mind his host—a ruddy, jovial old gentleman—tramped in and threw himself down upon a chair, dropping his hunting crop.

"Well, Guise," said he, "you've missed the quickest thing of the season."

"That," observed Lord Guise, "is of course. Who ever went out on a lame horse without missing the quickest thing of the season? I don't want to hear about it, thank you. We shall have a good many trustworthy accounts of it before we are allowed to go to bed, no doubt. I suppose all the other men were well in it from start to finish?"

"Well, most of them, I believe. One or two of the women, too. I must say I enjoy seeing women ride straight to hours."

"I don't believe it," answered Lord Guise politely.

"Oh, you know that," said he, "what d'y-e-call-it; we all know that. You don't enjoy seeing women in the hunting field or anywhere else. By the way, what's wrong with Lady Belvoir that she won't come out? She was as keen as mustard last year."

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Lord Guise. "Perhaps her nerve is beginning to go."

"No fear. I only wish I had half her pluck; but at my time of life one finds out that one isn't quite what one used to be. Do you know what my wife says? She says she believes Lady Belvoir has stopped hunting because you don't approve of it."

"Not I, at all events," answered Lord Guise; "I am innocent of having advised that circular tour. Or, at least, if I did tell him—and now that I come to think of it I believe I did—that it would be a good way of spending the recess, it wasn't in order to get him out of your way that I did so. In fact I happen to know!"

"Oh, so do I!" interrupted Lady Belvoir. "I am quite aware that I had ceased to be a danger. You had already delivered him from me!"

"And you, from him."

"Yes, if you like. But your opinion of me was as bad as ever, and I dare say you may have thought that no friend of mine was likely to be much better than myself. Very well; opinion is free, and you can keep yours. You can do your best to deprive me of my friends, and you can object to everything that I do, and put the worst construction upon all my actions, only you must really not expect me to look as if I liked it."

Possibly this plea for leniency, coming as it did from an unprejudiced outsider and chiming in with the voice of his own conscience, may not have been without a certain effect upon him. At any rate, when he had dressed and had joined the large party awaiting him in the drawing room (Lord Guise was always late for dinner), he felt ready to make any allowance that could be reasonably expected of him for one situated as Lady Belvoir was. The only thing that he could make no allowance for was her marked and persistent neglect of an old friend.

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that he described after his arrival. Well, it was not an unpleasant face to contemplate—quite the reverse—but it was invariably turned away the moment that he drew near, and this method of treatment, which at first had scarcely stirred his curiosity, had ended by provoking him beyond all endurance. What the dunces did she mean by it? That was all he wanted to know.

Whatever she may have meant by it she evidently did not propose discontinuing it that evening. The friend of her childhood was requested to escort her to the dining room; but scarcely a word could be got out of her, though he did what he lay to be amiable and conciliatory. No sooner had they taken their places than her shoulder was turned toward him, and from that time until the departure of the ladies all his efforts to attract her attention proved fruitless. Sometimes she did not appear to hear what he said, and even when she did reply what it was in the briefest possible terms. Lord Guise, like the generality of phlegmatic men, was obstinate and persistent. He was not going to be put off in that way any longer without knowing the reason why; so he waited patiently until an opportunity occurred, later in the evening, of addressing Lady Belvoir privately; and very likely he did not think of asking himself by whom that opportunity had been created.

He drew a chair up beside hers, seated himself with a determined air, and said:

"Now, Sybil, I'm going to have it out with you. How have I offended you?"

"Have I ever said I was offended?" she asked, raising her eyes slowly to his.

"No; because that would have been superfluous. But perhaps, after all, it isn't offense; perhaps it's aversion. If so, I should like to be told what I have done to incur it. We used to get on pretty well together once upon a time."

Lady Belvoir sighed ever so slightly. "I think," she remarked, "that that was before you took to saying unkind and spiteful things about me behind my back."

"What things?" asked Lord Guise, reddening a little. "Of course one does sometimes say things—everybody does—about one's best friends which one would be sorry for them to hear, but it is the talebearers who are unkind and spiteful. I have called you a flirt, I admit."

"And you don't consider that a spiteful thing to say?"

"Come now, Sybil, you surely won't deny that you are a flirt."

"I do deny it. Is it my fault if I can't make myself in the least pleasant or friendly to any man without his at once jumping to ridiculous conclusions? But it is useless to attempt excuses, and indeed it isn't worth while. I used to think that you were different from the others, but I have discovered my mistake. Pray go on slandering me to your heart's content. I haven't complained, and I don't mean to complain."

Then there were other incidents which she recalled to his memory and which he had supposed that she had long ago forgotten. In those far away days he had been wont to give her good advice, cautioning her against the selfish and corrupt society which she was about to enter, and imploring her to distrust the advances of men whose character and previous history must be unknown to her. Well, she certainly had not profited by these counsels. Her development had been singularly, almost inexplicably, rapid; the bloom of her youth and innocence had been rubbed off at the very first touch. Thinking rather sadly of this, and of what she was, and what he had once hoped that she might be, Lord Guise could not help saying:

"I never understood why you married Belvoir. It was always a mystery to me."

"Was it?" she returned, with a quick movement of her head toward him. "I am glad of that. I thought you were quite convinced that I married him for his position."

"I couldn't conceive of any other reason."

"I suppose not. Ah, well! it is an old story now, and nobody cares what my reason may have been, and since I have been engaged to Percy Thorold and have thrown him over, and I have been more than half inclined to engage myself to a dozen other men. What does it matter? There is one right person, and only one, for everybody. Failing that person Tom is as good as Dick, and Dick as Harry. Don't you think so?"

This and other speeches of a like nature produced a strange and disturbing effect upon Lord Guise. It was little enough that he thought about for hunting that day, and although the hounds found at the first covert, and he witnessed the beginning of what promised to be a glorious run, he quite forgot to wish himself on horseback. During the homeward drive he scarcely spoke at all, nor did he put in an appearance at luncheon. While the ladies were doing justice to that meal he was walking up and down his bedroom, and saying to himself in a起伏的 accents:

"Good heavens, not this will never do. I may be entirely mistaken, and even if I were not—just think of it! Once upon a time Sybil was as good a girl as ever lived; but of late years—oh, it's notorious, you know. Facts are facts, and there's no getting over them. I can only do one thing, and I'll do it before I'm an hour older."

The mistress of that house was an observant old woman, who knew how to put this and that together. It was therefore with genuine reluctance and regret that she made a communication to Lady Belvoir later in the afternoon.

"Lord Guise has been telegraphed for, and has gone away in a great hurry," she said. "It seems that he was actually out of the house before we had finished luncheon. He didn't like to disturb us, he says in the note that he left for me. I am so sorry!"

But Lady Belvoir did not appear to be sorry at all. She was in great spirits that evening; she laid aside the air of demure propriety which had characterized her since her arrival; she took a leading part in certain high jinks, which it is needless to particularize, and toward the small hours of the morning she wrote to a correspondent of hers in Westmoreland a letter, in which the following passages occurred:

"I told you I would do it, and now it is as good as done. Lord Guise fled precipitately from me today, lest a worse thing should befall him. Perhaps you think I shall give chase? My dear girl, it is not I who shall pursue him, but he who will come crawling back to me. I heard from Percy the other day. He was at San Francisco, and was as miserable as you could wish him to be. In a few weeks he will be back in England, and then, my dear, you will be good enough to put your pride in your pocket and forgive him. In fact you will have to do so; because if you don't I shall make no scruple about telling him what I know to be the case."

Again there was that unusual quaver in her ladyship's voice, and again her conscience stricken hearer felt touched and penitent. What she had said was so nearly the truth that he could not set up much of a defense for himself; but he assured her that if he had ever spoken unadvisedly or ill naturally of her he was very sorry for it, and that he wouldn't do it again. As for Morton and Schneider,

"Oh, well, one must make allowances," said the good natured old gentleman. "Perhaps if you or I were in her place—young and pretty and independent of any control, you know—she should act pretty much as she does, eh?"

"I haven't a doubt of it," answered Lord Guise. "Let us be thankful that he could make no allowance for her marked and persistent neglect of an old friend."

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coming down in a tweed suit and announcing that he meant to drive to the meet, if he might have a pony trap. "And perhaps," he added, "as Lady Belvoir isn't going to hunt, she will keep me company," which did not lessen the general astonishment.

Lord Guise himself was a little astonished when his position was at once acceded to, for he had been fully prepared for a rebuff. However, it seemed that Lady Belvoir's mood had changed during the night and that she was now willing to bury the hatchet without further explanations or recrimines.

"I am going," said she as soon as she had settled herself in the little pony cart and had drawn a fur rug round her, "to enjoy myself for once in a way. Just for this morning I want to forget everything disagreeable, and I should take it as a favor if you would do the same. Since we shall have to spend the next hour or two together our wisest plan will be to make the best of one another; don't you think so?"

And indeed it was not difficult to make the best of her, because from that moment she began to make the very best of herself. This was no longer Lady Belvoir, the professional beauty, the hard-hearted, cynical woman of the world; it was the Sybil of bygone years—pretty, willful, high spirited, but capable, as one who had known her well had formerly thought, of warm affections and generous impulses. It was of those bygone years alone that she chose to talk. She asked her companion whether he remembered taking her out hunting— "You didn't object to my hunting then, did you?" she observed in a parenthesis—and how she had rushed her horse at a fence, and had been within an ace of getting a nasty fall, and how she had almost cried when he scolded her for her bad riding.

Then there were other incidents which she recalled to his memory and which he had supposed that she had long ago forgotten. In those far away days he had been wont to give her good advice, cautioning her against the selfish and corrupt society which she was about to enter, and imploring her to distrust the advances of men whose character and previous history must be unknown to her. Well, she certainly had not profited by these counsels. Her development had been singularly, almost inexplicably, rapid; the bloom of her youth and innocence had been rubbed off at the very first touch. Thinking rather sadly of this, and of what she was, and what he had once hoped that she might

BILL NYE EN ROUTE.

MEETING A SISSY TRAVELING MAN
ON THE TRAIN.

He Overhears the Pathetic Wail of a Stout Lady and Deals With a Request From Alonzo Belcher of East Rawl'se's Center.

[Copyright, 1888, by Edgar W. Nye.]

EX ROUTE.

The able critic who has held out for years that Mrs. Stowe had excluded the possibilities of poetic license when she represented Eliza as escaping over the Ohio river on cakes of ice is now dead. He died in Florida in January from exposure while skating on the St. John's river, and when they found his friends had to cut out a square rod, perch or pole of ice with his body in order to send him home.

He always maintained that the Ohio river never even froze enough to make a cake of ice between Cincinnati and Cairo. Last January Eliza with her infant child could have crossed over with bobsleds and a 4-horse team.



"OH, BOTHER!"

In West Virginia we had to have all stoves and a furnace going all day in the opera house, as well as the entire gas service, including footlights, in order to warm up for evening service, and even then we wore white sweaters and shoulder breakfast shawls over our dress suits on the stage.

Natural gas is getting less plentiful, and the demand increased so that there was great suffering from cold among the poor, who had to return to the electric light and cast aside their parlor gas lamps for the time. Heavy manufacturing enterprises also decrease the quantity of gas for home consumption, and as usual the corporation sails gayly on while the citizen has to go to bed to get warm.

How strangely mankind does!

We go and beg on bended knees for large corporations to come and build and do business in our town to raise the price of our lots, and yet how long is it before we write a piece for the county paper saying that we are driven to the wall by these great corporations, and that we hate them like everything?

We are only children in this life, dressed up in men's clothes, and I hope with Dr. Briggs that there is a chance in the future state for growth and development. I can see how I could grow in a future state and add to what I know now.

During the terrible reign of the cold we met on a train one day bound west the rarest thing I ever saw on earth—viz., a "sissy" traveling man. Traveling men are most generally business men. They have to be. They are mostly pretty rugged, masculine men, with voices that you can hear "the darkest night that ever blew."

This one was constantly running up against things that were just as rude as they could be. That was as far as he ever got. Some people were real hateful, and he claimed that once his blood boiled like everything.

Maybe it was the morning when he took a sponge bath in the north end of the sleeper at Pittsburg, as the train took breakfast there. You must know that the sponge bath facilities cannot be just what one would wish on a sleeping car, especially when one has to do it in the front doorway at a meal station with the thermometer at 15 degrees below zero and a great deal of passing in and out.

Still he had probably promised some dear one solemnly that he would bathe every morning if it cost him his life.

People filed past him filled with wonder and amazement, and to each one he said in a light, thin, girlish voice, "Beg pardon, but would you mind shutting that door?"

Nine of us, after we had passed by him, went to the other end of the car and passed through again three times, enjoying it heartily.

Once we met the man who brings in the ice for the cooler. He was near the young man who was trying to bathe. We had quite a long quarrel with the iceman over the right of way, and one of our party jostled him rudely against the young man, who was trying to tow his back. The iceman slipped, and his large cake of ice and the great coarse tongs also fell against him.

It was horrible. The young man gave a wild shriek, and with a moan of pain his Boulanger whiskers went back inside and it is said have never come out again.

Later on after breakfast I tried to make up to him and be friendly, but he turned upon me like a wild beast and exclaimed, "Oh, bother!"

I overheard yesterday the wail of the short, stout lady. She was looking at a fashion magazine, but she could not find anything to suit her.

"Did you ever notice," she said to her companion, a tall, lithe young woman, who was so long waisted that she never seemed to sit down at all, or to be sitting on her foot if she did sit down, "did you ever notice that nothing is ever designed for the short, stout woman in these magnificences, Ethel?"

"Well, I do not remember ever to have seen any designs for short, plump people," said Ethel, shooting her cool, spiral

neck out of her collar so as to look still longer waisted.

"No," said the short, stout lady; "shortness and stoutness are regarded by the fashion plate makers as deformities, and you have to go and get some special artist to work at it to design your clothes just as you would go to a specialist if you had a club foot and get him to make your boot for you."

"Why is it, do you suppose?" Ethel asked, with great wonder.

"I do not know," said the short, stout lady as she swung her feet back and forth like a baby in a high chair. "There are surely enough of us, and some of us are quite refined. You know it is not generally believed that stout women are refined. A man may get so stout that even the presidential chair isn't big enough for him, and yet he will not lose any prestige, but let a lady along about 30 to 40 begin to weigh well and shun the slot machines, and then strangers in a crowd look upon her as they would on a man who rides on one railroad ticket and carries a hive of busy bees with him in the same seat, or puts the hive there, at least, and lets the bees select their own seats.

"Yes, that is so," said Ethel, "but those who know you love you if you are stout. That's more than some can say whom I know of."

"I hope so," said the short, stout lady, with a tear in her eye as she tried to get her overshoe on by kicking it against the other foot, but only succeeded in fracturing a whalebone or two and tipping her hat down over her nose.

"There ought to be some recompense. We are ashamed to ask for clothing of our size, and nobody ever attempted to design anything for us especially, for we wouldn't wear it anyway, no matter how becoming it was, if it had got to be the uniform of the fat women of the universe, and so there you are."

Then they both had to get off the train there, and Ethel had to borrow a traveling man's sample case for the short, stout lady to step on as she got off the coach.

I have not been richly endowed by nature with the fatal gift of beauty, but it might have been worse than it is, though when I pass through a car and afterward look back and see the passengers examining their watches to see if they are still running I can think of the short, stout lady and say, What if I, too, had been thus?

Written in a childish hand comes a request from Little Alonzo Belcher of East Rawl'se's Center asking this paper how he can cure soreness of the tongue. Alonzo, it seems, during the cold weather was acting as understudy for the property man at East Rawl'se's Center, and one of the other stage hands, a bright young whaleback farmer, got Alonzo to accept a wager that he (Alonzo) could not erase with his tongue the name of Pistache Olson, the rising young Swedish nightingale and child wonder, which she (Miss Olson) had written in blue chalk on the gas pipe of her dressing room while at the Grand Opera House of East Rawl'se's Center.

Alonzo accepted the wager and now writes to ask about what he shall do. Alonzo has a large, copious tongue, which almost encircles the gas pipe, and outlines of it may still be seen there. For one night he had the opera house occupied the same apartments. The next day they jogged along together till about noon, when the other stage hands told the authorities, and steps were taken to arrange it so that the opera house and young Belcher could be used separately.

You see, you dare not cut out a piece of gas pipe that way for fear of asphyxiation, and they could not cut it off at the meter, it seems, as the company had arranged it so that gas would be "consumed" every evening, whether the house was opened or not, and they did not see how they could change it.

A hot shoehorn, however, was applied to the tongue, and soon the little sufferer was removed from the real estate and again became his own personal property.

He went home, he exclaims in the letter, feeling like a man that has a redhot cuttle bone in his mouth and cannot get it out. Ever since then he has communicated with the outside world wholly by means of the pen. No one can even think of his great sorrow without a bitter and somewhat brashick tear.

How puny are our efforts when we find ourselves in the act of violating a great natural law! We must not get on the mighty turntable of creation or try to cross the side tracks of solar systems unless we are employees.

Mr. Belcher will do well to bathe the sore place with witch hazel as often as the idea occurs to him, and keep a piece of oiled silk between the tongue and roof of the mouth, so that the two shall not unite and become one grand whole, to the injury of the grand hole that he has been in the habit of swallowing through.



YOUNG BELCHER'S MISTAKE.
Some put the tongue in the sling—a gin sling, perhaps—under those circumstances, but the gin does not assist the healing process, and it induces the tongue to wag too freely. One of the greatest wags I ever knew was a gin sling wag. But why introduce pauper made, imported jokes at such a time?

Mr. Belcher (which, by the way, is sim-

ply a pseudonym) writes also regarding his future, inclosing a chart of his palm and a lock of hair, asking to know what the future of one possessing those things may be.

The thumb is marked strongly and would indicate that in your early life you whittled toward yourself a good deal; also that not many generations back your ancestors competed with the woodpecker in their glad, free scuffle for food in the forest; also that during the early part of the eighteenth century, possibly later, your folks walked on the palm of the hand a good deal and resembled the Highbeard or Bluenosed baboon of Lake Dennis, in equatorial Africa.

The headline runs backward toward the wrist instead of forward, thus indicating that you will gradually, as years roll on, add more and more to what you do not know.

The hair does not indicate anything, and I would have respected you more if you had told me you had none.

It is good, vigorous hair and seems to grow quite rank, indicating that you are of a lymphatic temperament and have a cool skin well adapted to the growth of hair and whiskers, too, that will toss to and fro in the summer breeze as you grow to be a man and while you are adding all the time to your lack of intelligence, thus fitting yourself for duty as a juror in the future.

Your hair would indicate that you inherit from your father's side, and that you are not strong physically. You need out of door exercise, cheerful company and a shampoo.

In choosing a wife you had better select a lady with a wooden limb. Then you can keep the limb locked up in the bureau drawer, and she will doubtless remain at home more than she otherwise would. You should not marry one who could easily escape.

Bill Nye

▲ Dead Failure.



The Rider—Golly, Sal, does yo' fink 'o' kin walk 'cross dat narrar bridge? The Ridden—Crossing the bridge is nothing! Why, I—



—can stand on my hind feet right here, or—



—even stand on one foot only, and—



But just then something happened.—Truth.

Not That Kind.

Mother—Henry, before you go out I wish you would bring up a hod of coal.

Henry—Why, mother, you know that violent exercise doesn't agree with me.

Mother—Very well. Kate can bring it up. Where are you going now?

Henry—Only down to the alley to roll a few strings of tenpins.—Boston Transcript.

Single Blessedness.

Mrs. Jones—I hear you are going to marry again, and your husband has only been dead three months.

Widow Smith—What! Me thinking of marrying again? If I were to be a widow every six months, it would never occur to me to marry again.—Texas Siftings.

Cautious.

Coroner—Is this man, whom you found dead on the railroad track, a total stranger?

Mike (who has been told to be careful in his statements)—No, sor. His leg was gone intirely. He was a partial stranger, sor.—Truth.

Poor Old Sport.

The game of pool I play today is naught beside that of times gone by I used to play. When I was new theretofore.

The fish I'm catching now are naught To those that in my youth I threw right back as soon as caught—Ten pounds they, in truth.

And so I sigh for days gone by: My heart bleeds—oh, it does! And tears come welling to mine eye For times that used to be.

—Carlyle Smith in Life.



MODEL SHEEP BARN.

Dryness and Ventilation Are the Two Chief Essentials.

Dryness is one of the essentials of a good foundation for a healthy shed.

Second only to this in importance is the ventilation. Warm, close sheds mean the downfall of the sheep that are folded in them. A sheep is warm in body, as its blood temperature is high, and then the nature of the fleece is such as to be very retentive of the body's heat.

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STANFORD, KY., FEBRUARY 17, 1893

R. C. WALTON, Bus. Manager

PERSONAL POINTS.

MISS NELLIE SLAYMAKER is quite sick. JACOB BIEDELMAN has returned from Ohio.

COL. W. G. WELCH spent several days in London this week.

MRS. AND MRS. JOHN A. HENDREN have moved back to Stanford.

MRI. WILL SEVERANCE went to Louisville yesterday to buy spring goods.

MRI. TOM YEAGER is visiting his sister, Mrs. Frank J. Wood, at Indianapolis.

MRI. ROBERT FENZEL is opening up a jewelry store in Judge Carson's building.

MISS SUE COZATT, of Parksville, came up to attend the bedside of Miss Mary Chrisman.

MISS MARY CHRISMAN rallied a little Monday night and was still alive when we went to press last evening.

MRS. R. L. WHEELER, of Covington, Misses Josie McCarty, of Nicholasville, Sallie Dudderar, of Rowland, and Lucy Bourne, of Somerset, are visiting at Mrs. J. C. Hill's, Maywood.

MRS. JAMES S. FISH and her handsome family of girls left for California yesterday. Mr. Star Fish and wife, of Vincennes, Ind., were with them and they will stop a few days at the latter place.

CITY AND VICINITY.

Your account is ready. Call and settle. I mean you. A. R. Penny.

The gymnasium outfit for the fire company is arriving. The room over W. C. Hutchings' livery stable has been secured for it.

THOMAS MARTIN is again marshal of Rowland, Will Land having resigned. It seems that the old man is the only one who can hold things down there.

MARSHAL NEWLAND arrested George Owlesley, better known as "Dummy," and Tom Withers, another negro, yesterday for stealing \$4 from Kate Hiatt.

NOTICE. — Wanted, four respectable white women, to go to Philadelphia and be nurses in a private hospital. Must have common school education. Address P. O. Box 161, Stanford, Ky.

I. O. O. F.—A full attendance of the members of Stanford Lodge No. 156 is requested at the meeting Tuesday evening, Feb. 21, to vote on a change in by-laws and other important business. A. C. Sine, Sec'y.

Two Pittsburg bucks, Wm. Catching and John Roney, got drunk and misbehaved at Rowland. They were arrested and fined \$5 each, but not having the cash to pony up, they were placed in durance vile for a season.

THE public school will close this afternoon with exercises, to which the parents and others interested in education are respectfully invited by the capable principal, Prof. C. H. Holmes. The rendition of the programme begins at 1 o'clock.

The subscription school to be taught in the public school building by Prof. C. H. Holmes, assisted by Miss Cettie Thurmond, will begin next Monday. All the branches will be taught and special efforts will be made to make the session a success in every particular.

IRON BRIDGE.—President D. W. Vandever, of the Stanford and Lancaster Turnpike Co., has contracted with the Indiana Bridge Co., of Muncie, Ind., to build an iron bridge over Dix River, to be completed by Sept. 1. The span is 126 feet and the price is \$1,800.

THE USES OF UGLINESS.—The Hamilton, O., Democrat says: "J. DeWitt Miller's lecture last night was good to make men forget themselves and business, to cause women to forget arduous household and family duties; it was good for the blues. Everybody ought to have heard it." Our people will have a chance to do so next Tuesday night at Walton's Opera House. Don't fail to avail yourself of it.

The clouds have continued to leak at intervals all week till they have made the whole face of nature a huge mud hole that you cannot avoid, no matter which way you go. There was considerable thunder and lightning Tuesday night and in some parts of the State, in Bourbon, for instance, a cyclone of small dimensions raged. The weather dispatch yesterday contained only the monosyllabic word, "Rains."

GRANTED.—The contest over granting liquor license to P. W. Green at McKinney occupied Judge Varon's court till noon Tuesday and resulted in Green's favor. The applicant claimed that there are 79 voters in McKinney, the protestants 70. After a careful inquiry, the judge decided that the exact number is 69. Forty persons had signed the protest, but six were found either to have signed both papers or were not legal voters, and this reducing the number to 34, gave them one less than a majority. With public sentiment so evenly divided it will become Mr. Green to keep such a house as will prove to the opponents of license that there is not much difference after all between licensed bars and unlicensed drug stores and doggeries, and we believe he will do i

NEW souvenir spoons at Danks'. *
TIMOTHY seed, red top seed, oats and millet at W. H. Wearen & Co.'s.

REMEMBER M. F. Elkin pays the highest market price for furs, beef hides, &c., in cash.

FOR RENT.—The Capt. Gaines Craig house and lot on Upper Main street. P. McRoberts.

THE Danville Hop Club extends a general invitation to the Stanford Hop Club to attend their hop on the night of the 22d.

AN oyster supper for the benefit of the Linniette Park Cornet Band will be given at the Tribble House, Junction City, Friday night, 24th. Tickets are only 25 cents.

THE supper to be given at Hustonville for the benefit of the band will be on the night of the 24th, instead of the 22d, on which night Washington's birthday will be celebrated at the Christian College.

COME and see our gents' and ladies' Blucher shoes in fawn and brown Russian and French calf and ladies' kid, all made on the new spring last. You should also see our ladies' wrappers from \$1.25 to \$3 and our blazer and reefer suits from \$4.50 to \$6.50.

REV. WALLACE THARP has through Rev. W. E. Ellis withdrawn everything offensive he may have said in reference to the editor of this paper in regard to the dog purchase and authorized him to make any apology consistent with a christian gentleman. He says further that he does not believe we acted other than in good faith in publishing an item which we got in such a straight manner.

If Mr. Tharp chooses to give \$35 of \$3,500 for a dog it is his privilege and we never even thought of questioning it, and he now recognizes how absurd it was for him to have noticed the matter at all.

As we never extenuate nor set down aught in malice, we very cheerfully accept Mr. Tharp's amende honorable and beg to suggest that he is too good a shot to go off half-cocked. It is often more dangerous to the shooter than the shootee.

OYSTER BILL ALFORD, formerly of this place, who killed a man in Louisville a number of years ago and was after a long time captured in the Northwest and given a term in the penitentiary, doesn't seem satisfied to stay out of that institution. He is breaking on this division now and the other night, after filling himself with whisky, became very offensive in J. W. Carrier's bar-room at Rowland. Mr. Carrier attempted to put him out, but Bill drew a murderous looking pistol and Mr. Carrier was quickly convinced that he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day, and considered not the order of his going, but went at once. As he disappeared through a door, two bullets buried themselves in the casing in close proximity to his head. After holding the fort as long as he wished, Oyster Bill decided that this was not a good place for him, so shaking the mud from his feet he departed by the first train that came along and has since made himself particularly scarce.

PARDONED.—Sheriff J. L. Manning, ex-sheriff M. A. Moore and W. L. Moore were on Wednesday's train returning from Frankfort, where they had been to take the convicts sentenced at the last term of the Whitley court. One was a white boy of 13, Wesley Woods, sent up for one year for stealing money. Mr. Moore took the boy before Gov. Brown and asked him to pardon him on account of his age and poor widowed mother, but the youth acted so carelessly and defiantly the governor at first refused.

He was taken to the penitentiary, his head shaved and the stripes put on him. This completely broke his spirit and he cried aloud for mercy. The governor was apprised of the change in the boy's demeanor and issued a pardon on condition that Mr. Moore would stand for his good conduct, which he promised to do. The big-hearted ex-sheriff paid all his expenses returning and no doubt felt fully repaid when he delivered the boy to his mother and saw her shed tears of joy and gratitude.

HELD.—When the case against Bob Hansford, Pete Miller, George Lackey and Mitch Bailey, charged with breaking into J. M. Hail's smoke house and stealing meat therefrom, was called Tuesday before Judge Carson the three last named were dismissed, because there was no proof against them, and Hansford held till Wednesday. The examination developed the fact that he had a key that would fit Mr. Hail's lock; that he also had a key to Mr. Vandever's barn, where the meat was found; that the tracks fit his shoes; that he was out at 12 o'clock that night, although he swore that he did not go from home; that he failed to haul some hay from the barn to Mr. R. C. Warren's, when told by Mr. Vandever to do so, and that when the meat was found in the hay he broke out in a cold sweat and had a buck ague. There was no direct evidence of his guilt, but these circumstances, almost as strong as proofs of Holy Writ, caused Judge Carson to hold him in \$25 bond to the circuit court, which he failed to give, and was returned to jail. W. H. Miller represented the accused and J. B. Paxton the prosecution.

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COLLINS & BUCHANAN, the gem photographers, after about three weeks' stay, left with their gallery for Danville Tuesday. While here they tell us that they made over 10,000 tin types for people who are either stuck on themselves or are stuck on by somebody else.

THE engineers have not struck yet and it is almost certain that they will not. They have withdrawn their original demands and submitted another schedule, which General Manager Metcalfe is considering. It is said that no increase of mileage will be granted, but some other concessions will be made.

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THERE have been only 34 new cases entered for trial at the next court, including three for divorce. Two of the latter are brought by colored people, the other by Mrs. Maggie James, who seeks to have her marriage tie to George Lee James dissolved, because of his abandonment, failure to provide and cruel treatment.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Mr. Thomas Adams drew a valentine Tuesday in the shape of a comely maiden of 38, two years his senior. Her name was Miss Rachael Mason and the knot was tied at Jesse Singleton's, Crab Orchard.

—Rev. J. F. Mahoney, of Campbellsburg, and Miss Mary B. Perry, of Clay Village, and W. T. Burnett, of Harrisonville, and Miss Stella M. Mahoney were married at Senning's Hotel, Louisville. The Mahoneys are father and daughter.

—Aberdeen, O., will not be sought by eloping couples hereafter. The Legislature of that State has passed a law which provides that the solemnization of marriage without previous announcement of banns or presentation of license shall be an offense punishable by six months' imprisonment, in addition to a fine not in excess of \$1,000.

—A young man at Greenup, this State, caught a bottle floating in the Ohio river and on examining it found a note corked within. It contained the name and address of a young lady at Washington, Pa., with the request that the finder send his to her. The result was the opening up of a romantic correspondence, which, it is said, will end in the union of the two hearts that are beginning to beat as one.

—At her marriage to Mr. Morton M. Cassedy in Louisville, on the 14th, Miss Maude Woodson was attired, says the Courier-Journal, in one of the richest and most becoming wedding robes worn this season. It was an ivory lace satin trimmed in point Vianesse. The full round corsage was engirdled by a belt with a butterfly bow, and appeared regal with the princess sleeves and rounded train. A tulle veil was worn, which was confined on the brow with a wreath of orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of the same flowers, as were also the boutonnieres worn by the ushers. After a bridal tour of the East the happy young couple will return to Louisville to live.

The Missing Words Supplied.

Below will be found in bold type the missing words of the sentences we published first, two weeks ago. In that time 400 signed solutions have been received, not to mention scores of others that were not signed or with imaginary funny names. Nine tenths of the answers were as follows: 1, Blaine; 2, Beautiful; 3, Cleveland; 4, Cough; 5, Dollar; 6, Dress; 7, Fight; 8, Harrison; 9, Picture; and 10, Queen Victoria, the easiest answers possible, although we warned the guessers that the solution was not as easy as it looked like.

No. 1. **BLOUSE** Was not considered desirable at the Minneapolis National Republican Convention by a majority of the delegates.

2. **BEAU IDEAL**. That which every plain woman would desire to become.

3. **CLEVERMAN**. One who served to defeat James G. Blaine for the Presidency in 1884.

4. **SOUCH**. A result usually caused by current of air or draught.

5. **FELLER**. That which you can get five thousand of by winning the first prize herein offered.

6. **DROSS**. Something that foolish women who love display sometimes spend too much money for.

7. **DICHT** Something that pugilists are always willing to do if there is money in it.

8. **HARRICAN**. A man whose name is almost constantly in newspapers and whose trip to California attracted great crowds whenever he appeared in public.

9. **MIXTURE** When of beauty and value serve to improve, beautify and adorn and brighten any home.

10. **QUEER VISCOUNTS** Probably better liked across the ocean than by most Americans.

Only three answers are anywhere near right. Those closest to it are the ones sent by Miss Allie B. Brown, Lancaster, Mrs. Julia Penny, Stanford, and Mrs. S. Nall, Hustonville. No one gets the prize on the proposition, but we will send each of these ladies our paper and a magazine if they will say that they had never seen or heard of the sentences before they appeared in the paper.

The answers sent have proved of considerable amusement to us, besides demonstrating that the **INTERIOR JOURNAL** is read pretty extensively all over this fair land of ours.

282 Mrs. Mary A. Hackley, Stanford.

283 Miss Lily Dale Grant, Lancaster. 2.

284 Lea Powell, Hustonville.

285 Earle Farra, Lancaster.

286 Miss Maggie Ryan, Hustonville.
287 S. T. Spratt, Lancaster.
288 Mrs. Mattie G. Duncan Monticello.
289 Miss Willie May Gillispie, Somerset.
290 Mrs. S. H. Root, Hustonville.
291 Mrs. Annie Miller, Middleburg.
292 H. T. Wilson, Memphis, Tenn.
293 Miss Besse Martin, Rowland.
294 E. D. Burton, Richmond.
295 C. M. Young, Highland.
296 Miss Etta C. McAlister, Ennis, Texas.
297 Miss Lillian Phelps, Stanford.
298 Miss Edna D. Powell, Hustonville.
299 Rev. W. L. Williams, Hustonville.
300 Miss Alicia T. Denton, Rowland.
301 Miss Ella Porter, Hartford.
302 Mrs. Mack Fair, Hartford.

303 Miss Mollie Austin, Hustonville.
304 John B. Nevius, Stanford.
305 Miss Dover Vanoy, Stanford.
306 Mrs. Julia Penny, Stanford.
307 Miss Susie Belle Vaughn, Ashland, Va.
308 W. G. Dunn, Stanford.
309 Miss Beatrice Ball, Lancaster.
310 Miss Annie K. Austin, Hustonville.
311 Mrs. C. M. Spoonamore, Rowland.
312 H. A. Purdett, Jessamine.
313 Miss Jenna Thompson, Barboursville.
314 J. A. Haigt, Mt. Vernon.
315 Miss Lucy R. Mullins, Mt. Vernon.
316 Miss Fannie Renner, Raspberry.
317 Miss Susie Smith, Brodhead.
318 Mrs. Sallie Smith, Crab Orchard.
319 Miss Bettie Rochester, Stanford.
320 R. E. Gaines, Walnut Flat.
321 Miss Maggie Mitchell, Richmond.
322 Homer Baughman, Danville. (2)
323 Miss Sue Coratt, Parksville.
324 Miss Bettie H. Helm, Junction City.
325 Mrs. John D. Johnston, Harrodsburg.
326 Mrs. J. B. Adams, Longview, Ala.
327 Miss Jennie Helm, Junction City.
328 Albert C. Harris, Stanford.
329 Miss Nannie Bailey, Maywood.
330 E. B. Caldwell, Jr., Waynesburg. (2)
331 Miss Mollie Lawrence, Queen City, Mo.
332 Mrs. Chas. P. Carter, Hustonville.
333 Mrs. M. Cloud Morgan, Tollesboro.
334 W. B. Walton, Ashland, Va.
335 Charles P. White, Lancaster.
336 Robert Bobbitt, McKinney.
337 E. S. Newell, Bronston.
338 W. B. Porch, Bronston.
339 J. C. Reynolds, O. K.
340 Mrs. W. H. Denton, Lexington.
341 Miss Nellie Yates, Haysville, Kansas.
342 Miss Lula Benson, Middleburg.
343 Miss Mamie Carter, Maywood.
344 Frank B. Marksberry, Lancaster.
345 Miss Allie E. Hart, Sycamore.
346 J. N. Newland, Brodhead.
347 W. E. Amos, Rowland.
348 Zia Murphy, Maywood.
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Published Every Tuesday and Friday
\$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE
When not so paid \$2.50 will be charged.

K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Train leaves Rowland at 2:00 a. m., returning
5:30 p. m.

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Train going North..... 12:37 p. m.
South..... 1:23 p. m.
Express train " South..... 1:23 p. m.
Local Freight North..... 7:10 a. m.
South..... 5:30 p. m.

The latter trains also carry passengers.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 5 minutes faster.

QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE.

Trains pass Junction City as follows:
South-bound—No. 1, limited, 12:25 p. m.; No. 3, Blue-Grass Special, arrives 8:40 p. m.; No. Q. & C. Special, 12:27 a. m.; No. 7, Fast Mail, arrives 12:40 p. m., leaves 2:05 p. m.

North-bound—No. 2, Q. & C. Special, 3:20 p. m.; No. 4, leaves at 6 a. m.; No. 6, Limited, 3:15 a. m.; No. 8, Express, arrives 12:01 p. m., leaves 1:15 p. m.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—[Latest United States Government Food Report.]

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
106 Wall St., New York.

New Crusher and Bolting Cloth.

Having added to my Mill a Corn Crusher, one that will grind cob and all, and at the same time grind any other kind of grain and mix it to suit any one, and also put in a new Flour Bolting Cloth. I am prepared to make you some good old-fashioned Burr Flour; and am putting in a Meal Bolt, will have it ready in a week or so.

J. H. BRIGHT.

DAIRY.

I will open on January 15th, 1853, a First-Class Dairy from which I can supply any quantity of Jersey milk to the people of Stanford and Rowland at the following prices, delivered:

Fresh Milk, per gallon..... 20 cents
Skinned Milk, per gallon..... 10 cents
Butter Milk, per gallon..... 8 cents

I will make two trips daily. The patronage of the public is solicited.

G. A. PEYTON,
Stanford, Ky.

Notice to the Traveling Public
.....I have had.....

THE SHELTON HOUSE

At Rowland repainted and nicely furnished and has in connection with Hotel one of the best saloons in the State, open day and night; a night saloon meets all trains. In connection with House have also one of the best Mineral wells in the State and for reference to water, call on Mr. and Mrs. G. W. French, Louisville, and Mr. Floyd Ingram, Erin, Tenn., A. W. Warren, Stanford, Dr. D. E. Proctor, C. H. Braun, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hamilton, Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Johnson, New Haven, Jim Cox, Greensburg. Rates \$2 per day. J. M. Petrey, clerk. Give me a call.

J. W. CARRIER, Prop.

DR. W. B. PENNY Dentist.

Office South side Main street, in office recently vacated by Dr. L. F. Huffman, Stanford, Ky.

"DENTO."

For the painless extraction of teeth and other minor surgery, I have tested its virtue sufficient to know.

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S.

FOR SALE.

Nineteen good Ewes and also one thoroughbred southdown Buck; one 150 pound corn-fed, fat 4-year-old Steer; 7 yearling Mare Mules, good colts and 2 good Mules.

D. M. CREIGHTON,
Kingsville, Lincoln county, Ky.

FARM FOR SALE.

I will sell privately my Farm of 50 Acres on the Danville & Stanford pike, three miles from Stanford. It is well improved, with dwelling of five rooms, new barn and all necessary outbuildings; also has fine spring. Call on me on the premises or address me at Stanford, Ky.

EUGENE KELLEY.

LUMBER. SAW MILL on the Somerset pike, eight miles from Stanford, and there are 70,000 feet of good Oak and Poplar Lumber for sale. I will sell at the lowest reasonable rates and invite all who want Lumber to give me a call.

JACOB HAEFLIGER, Offenhausen.

(Printed in loving memory of a devoted and true wife, from her own selections.)

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—A mad dog bit a little boy at Broadhead.

Judge Carter has sold his farm near Cummins' Station.

Our new Commonwealth's attorney, Mr. C. W. Lester, is a bold prosecutor, a genial gentleman and is business from the word go.

Mr. McBurney, a representative of the Watts Steel syndicate, was here for some days last week looking up fire clay. He found what he desired. He pronounces it the best in the country, except the Michigan clay, which is as good.

Mr. H. B. Logsdon, L. & N. agent at Frankfort, is attending court here. Among the railroad men here at court we notice Messrs. Tom Hurley, Ed Duderer, M. M. Carey, W. B. Hays and Samuel Bailey. Mrs. Sallie Leavell, of Garrard, is visiting relatives here. Mr. George Denny, of Lancaster, is here. Among the witnesses from Garrard in the Anderson-Mullins case are S. D. Rothwell, A. K. Walker, Thomas Austin and W. L. Lawson.

The turnpike question is not dead, though not much has been heard on the subject of late. The old business men are engaged on the subject and a number of suggestions and plans are under discussion. A leading business man here says a good plan would be to have the county issue \$30,000 in bonds, the money to be used in the construction of turnpikes. The county is out of debt and the benefits to be derived from good pikes ought to convince every one that to vote for the bond issue would be a vote for the development of the county's resources. The benefits are incalculable. Turnpikes can be constructed very cheaply throughout the county on account of the inexhaustible quantities of stone to be found along the roads.

The first circuit court held here under the new dispensation was opened Monday morning, Judge Morrow, the best man in the profession, on the bench, and our new prosecuting attorney, Mr. C. W. Lester, on hand. Business moved off at once and has proceeded right along to date. Mr. Lester is clearing the docket at a lively rate. The case of Wm. Agee for killing a hog, which had broken into his corn field, defendant was found guilty and fined \$10; John Mose, a darkey, was charged with stealing \$15 from the desk of Hotel Newcomb; hung jury. The defense pleaded idiocy. Fines were imposed on pistol carriers; some acquitted; A. T. Anderson's demurser to an indictment charging him with perjury was sustained and the case dismissed; a number of cases were disposed of, of which we failed to get a record; case of Anderson vs. Mullins is set for to-day, Thursday. Quite a number of indictments, which were found from 6 to 12 months since against the express agent at this place for delivering C. O. D. jugs, were called up and tried. In every instance an acquittal followed. It was shown that nothing was done illegally. It is more than likely that some of those who were so tickled at the finding of the indictments will now give their tired tongues a much needed rest, or change the subject to that of turnpikes and the county's needs.

A STRANGE LOVE.

I clasped her struggling to my heart,
I whispered love unknown;
One kiss on her red lips I pressed
And she was all my own.

I loved her with a love profound,
E'en death could not destroy,
And yet I must confess I found
My bliss had some alloy.

For once I saw her unaware
Upon a fellow's lap;
He claiming kisses ripe and rare—
I did not like the chap.

She had some faults (so we have all)
But one I hope to throttle,
She had, alas! what I may call
A weakness for the bottle.

One morn I caught her ere was made
Her toilet, and beneath
An old straw hat her laugh betrayed
My darling had no teeth.

Unconscious of my presence she
With artful antics rare
Tossed off the hat and—Gracious me!
Her head was minus hair.

But love is founded on a rock,
And mighty in its might;
For I could learn without a shock
She could not read or write.

She could not dance or sing a tune,
And scarcely could converse;
But what cared I, she was my own,
For better or for worse.

And yet I loved her and confessed
Devotion, and it may be,
I'd do the same if you possessed
Another such a baby.

(Printed in loving memory of a devoted and true wife, from her own selections.)

Like a Thief in the Night.

Come consumption. A slight cold with your system in the scrofulous condition that causes impure blood, is enough to fasten it upon you. That's the time when neck ticks get into full play.

Consumption is dangerous. You can prevent it, and you can cure it, if you haven't waited too long, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the most potent blood-cleanser, stomach-reddener, and buster of phlegm known to science. For every disease that has a tendency to consume, consumption, weak lungs, bronchitis, asthma and all severe, lingering coughs, it is the only guaranteed remedy. Is it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

(Printed in loving memory of a devoted and true wife, from her own selections.)

Joseph V. Dury, of Warsaw, Ill., was troubled with rheumatism and tried a number of different remedies, but says none of them seemed to do him any good but finally he got hold of one that speedily cured him. He was much pleased with the result and said the remedy was that cured him. He states for the benefit of the public that it is called Chamberlain's Pain Palm. For sale by W. B. McRoberts, Druggist, Stanford, Ky.

First-Class Saloon
BILLIARD and POOL ROOMS attached
JOSEPH COFFEY.

5-6

EMERGENCY HINTS.

SOME Valuable Information That Every Person Should Thoroughly Know.

If a foreign substance enter the ear under no consideration use anything to poke in the ear. Pour a little sweet oil into the ear and hold it there. Should the foreign body be an insect it will float to the top and can easily be removed. Should it be a hard substance a stream of warm water from a syringe will soon drive it out, always holding the affected side toward the floor. Should these methods fail consult a physician. Never probe the ear. Many people are suffering from great affliction caused by thus injuring the drum.

To remove foreign bodies in the nose instruct the child to take a deep, full breath. The unobstructed nostril should then be held and the child told to breathe hard through the nose. Should this fail make a hook with a piece of fine wire, and if the object is in sight pull it out. Never tamper with the eyes. It is always safer to put them in the care of the best oculist.

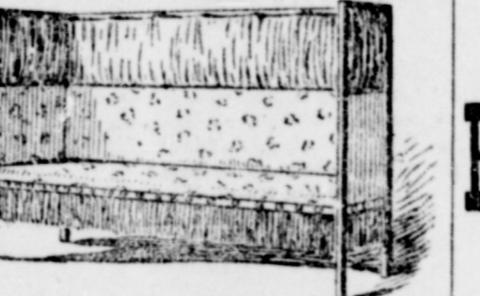
A sound slap on the back with the flat of the hand will often relieve the windpipe when obstructed. If not relieved after several slaps send for a physician. A child should be taken up by its feet and reversed. This seems heroic treatment, but it is nearly always effectual.

For convulsions strip the child as quickly as you can and put it into a hot bath. Use your elbow as a test. If your elbow can stand the temperature of the water you may safely put in the child. After the child is in the bath pour cold water gently on the head. This should bring the child out of the convulsions in a few minutes. In any event, an injection of warm soap and water should always be given. If no relief is obtained by these measures put a mustard plaster, made with one part mustard and three of flour, up and down the spine. Be careful not to blister. Vaseline the surface after taking off the plaster. Always send for your physician, because the child will need treatment after the attack passes off. A great point is to keep the child quiet.

After poison of any kind has been taken give an emetic at once, so as to induce vomiting. A dessert spoonful of ground mustard in a cup of warm water, part of it to be taken at once, followed by clear warm water, until free vomiting is started. A good way to provoke the vomiting is to tickle the back of the throat with a feather. In all cases send for a physician without loss of time.

An Artistic Tete-a-tete.

No article of furniture does better service or gives greater satisfaction than a settle. The one shown in the drawing can be readily upholstered upon



A HOMEMADE SETTLE.

plainest of pine foundations, and will be found a charming retreat for either an afternoon with the last new book or an hour with a chosen friend.

The woodwork is stained old oak. The seat, back and sides are thickly padded and covered with brocade in the rich dull shades that are known as old blue, old pink and the like. From the edge hangs a fringe of the blended tones tacked on ornamental nails, and above the cushioned back are curtains arranged upon a frame.

To each of the four posts is attached a standard of the requisite height, and between them runs a rod. Curtains of soft, old rose India silk are arranged in full and ample folds upon the rod and are then tucked firmly at the lower edge to the wooden back and sides.

The effect of the color is delightful. The settle makes a luxuriant seat and has sufficient dignity to add greatly to the room in which it stands.

A Needleswork Oddity.

Something new in needleswork is a piano key covering, designed to lay over the keys when closed and on the rack when open. It is an excuse for embroidery, as it is made of light cloth, upon which is worked some pattern emblematic of music. It cannot be said to fill a long felt want, but is as useful and as much needed as the embroidered bell pull or the decorated shirtbox which long suffering masculines are now asked to accept on gift days.

Useful Schoolbags.

Pretty schoolbags for little girls are made of gray fine ribbed corduroy, with initials outlined in Roman floss. They are in the shape of the old fashioned purses and draw together with silver and gilt rings.

Freshening Worn Upholstery.

The Bagdad curtains, whose stripes are pleasantly suggestive of a camel's hair shawl, are excellent fresheners of worn upholstery. A shabby sofa thus draped becomes at once an admired furnishing of an apartment. In a library the other day was seen a flat lounge which may have been a cot, as these often are, covered with a 5-stripe Bagdad. At the back, against a stretch of plain, rather ugly wall, was draped a second curtain, the stripes running the length of the lounge festooned in the middle and caught up at the corners. Against this were piled several cushions in plain coverings, a brick red, an old gold, a soft gray and a dull green with excellent effect.

Blue Linen Becoming Popular.

Dark blue linen is growing in favor for pillows, spreads and other pieces of needlework for which blue denim has been used. Sometimes both materials are used in a sitting room or sleeping room, where service and beauty are both considered. The very clear blue of the linen is most effectively worked with white silk or linen flosses.

All Free.

These who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value and those who have not have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle free. Send your name, H. E. Bucklin & Co., Chicago, and get a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery. It contains a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing, at A. R. Penny's drug store.

See the World's Fair for 15 Cents

Upon receipt of your address, and 15 cents in postage stamps we will mail you our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition. The regular price is 25c, but as we want you to have it at a low price, we will give it to you for 15c. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of same and is executed in the highest style of art. If not satisfied with it after you get it we will refund the stamps and let you keep the portfolio. Address H. E. Bucklin & Co., Chicago, Ill.

For Sale !

Few More Building Lots

In the corporate limits of Rowland.

H. J. DARST, Rowland.

MYERS HOUSE

LIVERY STABLE

P. W. GREEN, Prop.

This stable, which is run in connection with the well-known Myers House, has been supplied with

A New Lot of Horses, Carriages, Buggies, Wagons,

an Ass'ner Supplies and is better than ever

prepared to supply the public with

FIRST-CLASS RIGS OF ALL KINDS.

Personal and prompt attention given to Weddings and Funerals.

P. W. GREEN, Proprietor.

ALL RURNS, Manager.

NOTICE.

I offer at private sale all of the real and personal property now under my control, consisting of a well selected

Stock of General Merchandise,